

# THE CHATTANOOGA DAILY REBEL.

VOLUME I.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1862.

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Notes of Advertising.

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GRAND REVIEW OF THE TROOPS.

## THE DAILY REBEL.

COMPOSED EVERY MORNING MONDAY & EXCEPTED

BY FRANCIS M. PAUL.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, DEC. 17, 1862.

PRESIDENT DAVIS AT MURFREESBORO.

ARRIVAL AT CHATTANOOGA.

His Excellency the President of the Confederate States, accompanied by General Joe Davis and Col. Fitzhugh Lee, of his staff, arrived at Chattanooga from Knoxville, on the night of the 16th, and left the next morning at 6 o'clock for Murfreesboro. Col. E. W. Cole, Superintendent of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, with that thoughtfulness and good taste which is characteristic of the man, had provided a elegant new carriage for the occasion, and a special train to convey the distinguished passengers to Murfreesboro. President Davis, dismounted from the car, as soon as the opposite bank of the river was reached, and walked up to the headquarters of Gen. Jackson, Commandant of the Post at Bridgeport. The Guard came to a "present arms" as he approached, and he gracefully acknowledged the salute by lifting his hat, and then passed on. The party remained a few moments at Bridgeport, until the train was got in readiness, and then proceeded on to Decatur Station, where the President and his companions, *du voyage*, stopped a short time for dinner; after which interesting event, they were en route, once more for the Southern Confederacy, and may well be considered one of the trophies of the war. It was the last car brought from the company's factory at Nashville, prior to the advance of the Yankees, and has been carefully preserved by Col. Cole ever since, who was determined to keep one respectable carriage for special occasions like this.

At 10 A.M. left the Chattanooga Depot on Friday morning, a splendid brass band, in appropriate struck up "The Boopie Blue Flag," and afterwards broke out into "Dixie," the lively strains of which fall upon the ear, as the train was sweeping round the base of the giant Lookout.

AN ACCIDENT.

At the moment, the aisle of one of the boxes attached to the Mail Train, which immediately preceded the special train for the President, broke short off and the end of the car was dragged somersault over the cross-ties, jutting the car and passengers in most alarming manner. Some one jerked the bell-rope, and through the train to a standstill before any serious damage resulted. It was a miracle that the whole train was not precipitated over the banks of the Tennessee. As it was, thanks to the caution and steadiness of nerve of the engineer, very little damage was done, and the accident, which was certainly unavoidable, was soon remedied. Col. Cole gathered about him in thrice, a small army of mechanics and engineers, and in thirty minutes of the watch, had a new wheel and axle set - he had shifted the mail train on a side-track, and the Presidential convoy with colors flying, once more dashed along the banks of the Tennessee.

A LIVE PRESIDENT.

It is still something of a curiosity in Tennessee, notwithstanding she has been visited by many, and her own sacred soil is to-day the resting place of a Jackson and a Polk. It may not be out of place here, to attempt a description of the personnel of so important a personage as the President of the Southern Confederacy. Mr. Davis is a man rather above the middle stature, of slight but well proportioned figure, features decidedly handsome, for a middle-aged gentleman, and wearing a perpetual expression of good humor; of exceedingly pleasing address and graceful manners, and not without a certain senatorial dignity which sits well upon him. His head is slightly inclined with grey, and his whiskers are grey, yet he is a younger man in appearance, and in feelings, than we had conceived him to be. His voice soft and persuasive, yet distinct and full-toned, and he is in the habit of speaking occasionally an exceeding good thing in a rapid and incisive sort of way.

His dress was plain and unassuming, and his baggage limited to a single leather valise, with the initials "J. D." marked upon the side. Attended by one body servant alone, his mode of travel was without ostentation or parade, and I could not help contrasting the President of the young Confederacy, travelling securely as a citizen, and incognito, from the extreme of his native Southern land to the other, without even so much as a body guard, with the miserable despot of Abolitionism, carelessly dashing through the streets of Washington with a file of armed dragoons each side of his coach of state, and in constant apprehension of the assassin's dagger in his own capital. The Trustees are thankful to the citizens for the passage bestowed upon Mr. Bradshaw herefore, and are glad to know that under his administration the institution has not lost any of the environs, if it is suspended in the bolder part of the Capital.

TERMS OF TUITION.

Primary Department, \$12.00 per annum.  
Preparatory " 12.00 " "  
Preliminary Class " 20.00 " "  
Sophomore " 24.00 " "  
Junior " 28.00 " "  
Senior " 32.00 " "  
In Music, Piano, Guitar or Mandolin " 5.00 " "  
Thorough Bass Canto, &c. " 20.00 " "  
Language, Latin " 20.00 " "  
In the Ornamental Department full provision will be made, of the ordinary price.

The rule of payment is half in advance, to be paid at the middle of the term.

Mr. Bradshaw can be of great service, and as a common boarding house kept particularly for young ladies, at the different way stations, was exceedingly popular and highly regarded. The price of board, including lights, fuel &c. is not to exceed \$2 per week.

G. W. PARKS,  
Secretary and Treasurer.

the carriage where he sat, whenever the train stopped, and proved conclusively how impossible a thing it is for a great man to travel incognito, through as inquisitive a country as ours.

BRIDGEPORT.

The train reached Bridgeport at mid-day, was detained from the locomotive, and shifted, from *graffina* to the dock of a barge prepared for that purpose under the attentive supervision of Superintendent Cole, and in less time than it takes to tell of it, was floating on the Tennessee and rolled across to the opposite bank, to the accompaniment of rolling drums and reverberating canon. The battery of the Washington Artillery fired a salute of thirteen guns in honor of the distinguished visitor. President DAVIS, dismounted from the car, as soon as the opposite bank of the river was reached, and walked up to the headquarters of Gen. JACKSON, Commandant of the Post at Bridgeport. The Guard came to a "present arms" as he approached, and he gracefully acknowledged the salute by lifting his hat, and then passed on. The party remained a few moments at Bridgeport, until the train was got in readiness, and then proceeded on to Decatur Station, where the President and his companions, *du voyage*, stopped a short time for dinner; after which interesting event, they were en route, once more for the Southern Confederacy, and may well be considered one of the trophies of the war. It was the last car brought from the company's factory at Nashville, prior to the advance of the Yankees, and has been carefully preserved by Col. Cole ever since, who was determined to keep one respectable carriage for special occasions like this.

He was not the only distinguished passenger however, that composed the Presidential suite; there was also the veteran of grape-shot memory, BRAXTON BRADY, to whose car the belching of a howitzer is sweetest music, and to whose sight nothing is more refreshing than a charge of Southern bayonets against the enemies of his country. He was the picture of a soldier and set his horses like a Tourney knight.

Then here is another veteran. Do you see that old man yonder - sun-burnt, brawny, stout-limbed? Vigor displays itself in every muscle. Activity in every movement. An old man truly, but brave, bold, resolute, hardy, fit for any thing. He was the picture of a soldier and set his horses like a Tourney knight.

Night came on. The puff! puff! of the steam engine, the jarring, roll of the wheels, the flying comets of sparks scattering far behind a train of smoke and fire, which curled above the fertile valleys and over fields of middle Tennessee and rolled off into the dim hollow and dismal glen in a single with-blended wreaths from burning houses and camp fires. The occasional toll of death from way-side depots told us that we were nearing the heart of the great western campaign and approaching the central rendezvous, the city of Murfreesboro. At last between the vista of a pair of meadow crowned hills, the glistening lights of the town arose, twinkling through the mist, whilst innumerable reflections on the inky blue, above cupola and tree top pointed out the long circular line of tenting spread around about the old bough. Toot! toot! shrieked the whistle, Jingling! rang the bell. Then a long plaintive shriek, on down grade. Then a jerk, and here we are in among the cars and depots, houses and soldiers and citizens and the noisy assemblage of dogs, donkeys, carts and carriages, and bucking and jollying and porters and the homogenous horde of humanity which most does congregate about Rail Road depot.

THE GRAND REVIEW.

The next day, Saturday, the Grand Review of the troops by the President took place. Perhaps a more imposing spectacle than the review has not been witnessed in America since the war began. The *Rebel's* correspondent was apprised of the important event through a general order which circulated through the camps the night before. And as happened on that night to be the guest of the gallant young field officers of the "Old Twentieth Tennessee," I was "posted" as to coming events and was among the first on the field of review, the next morning.

The sun rose gorgeously above the spires of the city and sabres and bayonets glittered in every direction as the regiments of the first Division for review filed into the open area, selected for the ceremony. The Review took place in an open plain in the road leading to Shelbyville, about one mile from Murfreesboro. An immense concourse of people assembled to witness it, and the site of the beauty and fashion of old Rutherford and the surrounding country, was fairly represented in the graceful persons of many of the fairest of the daughters of the old volunteer State. The outskirts of the plain were bordered with people of all ages and costumes, horses and vehicles of every description, presenting altogether a scene of bustle and excitement that reminded one of England's race courses on a Derby Day, while the lines of infantry with waving banners and gleaming bayonets - the superbly mounted cavalry, and gaily caparisoned chargers, together with the Generals and their respective corps of staff officers, and outriders on mastic steeds, with rich housings and trappings, ravished the eyes of the *Champ de Mars*, and suggested vivid pictures of the glorious times of the First Napoleon. The lines were forming, and I was looking about me for a safe place of observation for a quiet citizen observer and "reporter" when an incident occurred to me.

You have heard of the oracles of Delphi. You have heard of the mystic temple, the lofty depths thereofabouts and the supposed God who held his habitation within these dim abodes. Well, the whole thing was nothing to the sight that broke upon me at this moment. A noise of clattering hoofs was heard to the right. I suddenly turned my eyes in that direction, beheld a great cloud of dust approaching, from which issued the forms of riding men vaguely. For a moment more the dust cleared away. I took again and I saw a charger, the most superb of charger kind, splendidly equipped. A soldier sprang upon him, and everyinch a soldier. Dark locks of hair,

"In goss and hue the cheest when the shell divides their cold to slow the frost within."

And yet faintly flecked with tiny sprays of all

ver whiter. A face, full and oval eyes large and luminous with life and thought; a small mouth, overshadowed by a moustache of amber colour; complexion clear and rosy; and form as finished, compact and symmetrically rounded, as an Apollo. A full suit of Coated gray set off the figure and completed the imposing presence of the rider. It was Breckinridge. I never saw him look so grandly, except on one occasion. That occasion was upon the memorable field of Shiloh, amid the smoke and heat of a great conflict, surrounded by a perfect ring of flame, through whose fiery rage he passed as harmless as the favored children in the fiery furnace. I must be par doned for dwelling upon his picture. He was "most general" in that memorable Mississippi campaign and I have an honest partiality for him above the rest.

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